

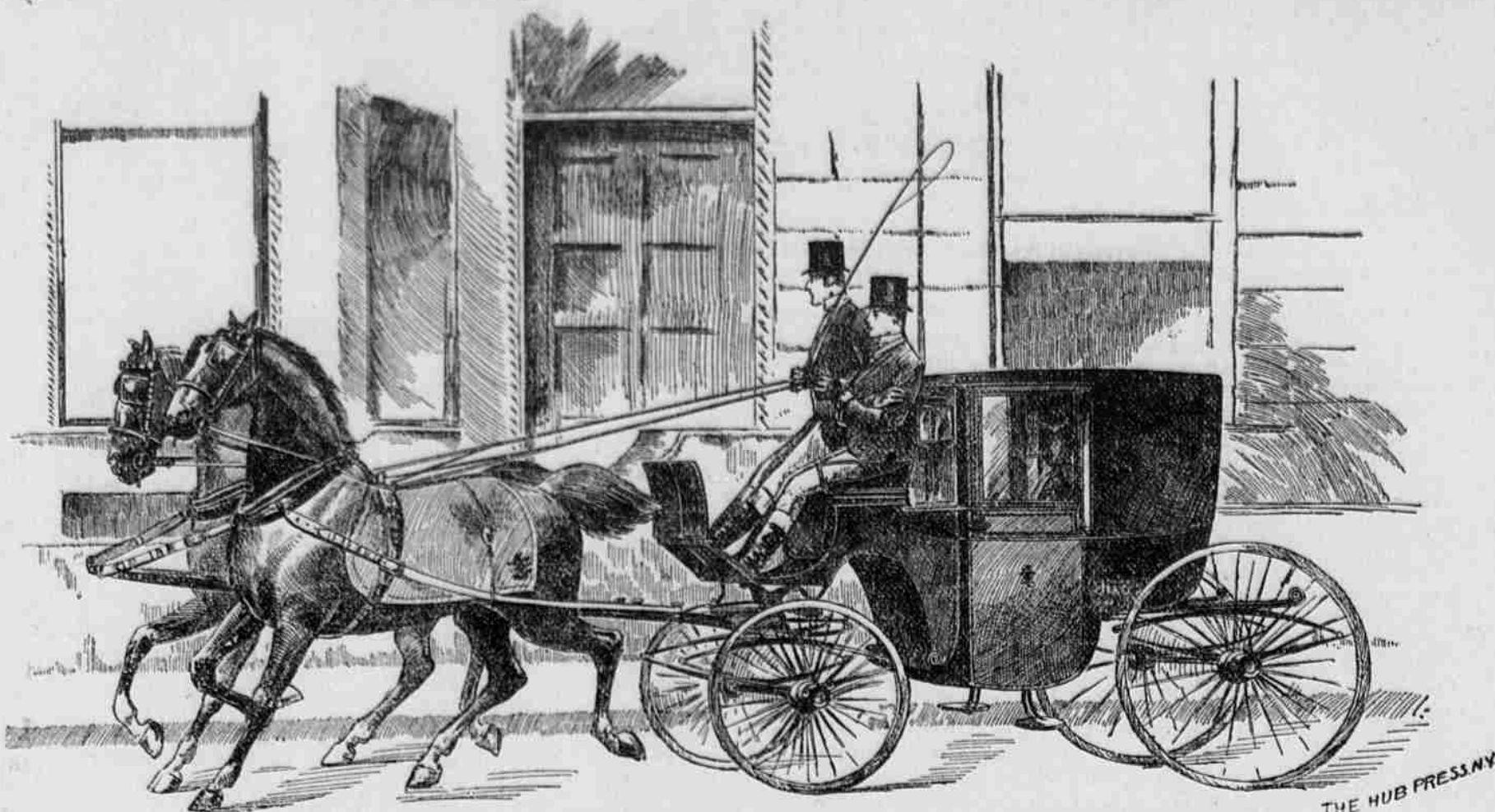
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## IN A GIRL'S BOUDOIR.

THE DAINY TEMPLE OF A FASHION-  
ABLE NEW YORK BELLE.

Gloomy by Day But Radiant by Night—A  
Crystal Well of Hope—Magic From a  
Ball of Glass—Man Solves a Woman's  
Mystery—A Chapter on the Language of  
the Hand—What the Hand Really Tells—  
Hands of Well-Known Actresses and  
Writing Women.

Special Correspondence of SUNDAY HERALD.

NEW YORK, Jan. 25.—If you happen to be the  
chum of a fashionable girl you will have an op-  
portunity to visit her boudoir. At the first  
glance you will conclude that you are in a  
temple, and so you are—a temple dedicated to  
the worship of the beautiful. Although when  
the night-time comes she has plenty of light to  
see just how to make her toilette, in the day-  
time a gloom pervades that apartment that sug-  
gests not a religious darkness, for you are certain  
to stumble over the stools, but a darkness that  
has a tendency to increase the violence of your  
temper and the versatility of your language.

The room that has come the nearest to the  
swell girl's idea of what her temple should be has  
a dull purplish-looking carpet on the floor and  
couches, low stools, and cushions galore all about  
the room. The cushions are heavily embroidered  
in gold with most mystic-looking figures that  
may be construed as either Egyptian, Hebrew, or  
Chaldean; but anyhow you are not supposed to  
know what they are. The curtains are curious  
black ones embroidered in gold, allowed to fall  
and keep out the light of day. The dressing  
table, which looks like an altar, has a curious old  
altar cloth for its cover, and a priest's vestment,  
bought at some auction sale, for the drape in  
front. The mirror is framed in silver, and under  
it are tiny hanging lamps that look exactly like  
the icons that the devout Russian puts under  
the picture of saints. All the toilette parapher-  
nalia is spread out, and just in front is a low  
stool, upholstered in black and gold, upon which  
the fair mistress may sit while her assistant at  
mysterious rites brushes her hair. Belshazzar-  
like, there is hand-writing on the wall; only in  
this instance the mottoes are those of encourage-  
ment, the one just over the toilette table reading:  
"Get patience, sweet maid, if thou wouldst be  
lovely."

It is rather a spooky room, and the visitor  
therein has a sort of feeling that she had better  
not speak above a whisper, and that materialized  
ghosts are likely to appear at any moment. On a  
low shelf near one of the couches is a collection  
of books on "Woman," how to increase her  
beauty, how to make her attractive, her faults,  
her virtues, her tiny vices, and her large ones.

A CRYSTAL WELL OF HOPE.  
In this temple her ladyship must concentrate  
her ideas. To do this she requires one thing, and  
that is her crystal, and this stands in a purple  
velvet case on the table. When she comes in  
she calls her maid, whose French name she has  
twisted into Iras, and bids her "Bring me the  
well of hope." It is brought, and she begins to  
look in it; she drives every thought out of her  
mind until it is an absolute vacancy, and then  
she declares that whatever thought she wishes  
will come to her. I am a tolerably orthodox per-  
son, never having had any tendency to spiritual-  
ism, pessimism, agnosticism, or theosophy, but  
being filled with optimism, which I take to be the  
religion of hope; but, being a woman, I thought  
I would like to try it and see what the crystal  
would do for me. Acting upon the advice of my  
friend, I thought nothing; I just looked into that  
clear ball. Then after I had looked for a while it  
dawned on me that I had looked once before in a  
ball, but that I couldn't tell where it was. I  
stopped looking and said this, and I was advised  
to think of that, of that alone, and I would see it  
in the ball. I looked and looked intently.  
I thought and thought with desperation. Star-  
ling in that great globe, I seemed to see a beau-  
tiful large room, a room full of pictures and with  
cabinets in the centre, in which were lovely por-  
celains and a great number of the crystal balls.  
I saw a tall, slender, scholarly man, and beside  
him a small, delicate-looking girl with braids of  
yellow hair down her back, who held in her hand  
a crystal. To her the man said, "No, that was  
made in the East thousands of years ago; they  
can't make them here." And then I knew who it  
was. I knew that I was the little girl, and I re-  
membered where I had first looked into the crys-  
tal, first wondered about them, and who at first  
told me the story.

WHY MY MIND IS SUPERIOR.  
The explanation? Well, my friend insisted  
that it was, but somehow ever since I had  
my fortune told, I haven't believed in magic, so I  
went when she says go when in trouble—to a  
—One-fourth of all children's overcoats. El-  
man Bros., 7th Ave., N. Y.

man. I asked him to explain it to me, and he  
said, "What do you remember best?" and I said,  
"Things that happened years ago." "Very well,"  
he said; "had you ever touched a crystal between  
the time you first saw one and the day you held  
the other in your hand? You had not. Your  
mind was a blank, you have a wonderfully re-  
tentive memory, and in endeavoring to think  
where you had first seen the crystal the mind  
photographed the time and place and the eye  
saw the mental photograph. If you had shut  
your eyes and laid back on a couch you would  
have seen just the same. It was simply the action  
of memory, and you would never see in the crys-  
tal anything that hadn't happened." So the  
magic is explained away.

PALMISTRY IS SOMETIMES SHAKY.

Nobody gives a party nowadays unless they  
have a specialist in. I don't mean one to cure  
the aches and ills of humanity, but one who is  
the best among the banjo-players, the best among  
the palmists, the best among the comic singers or  
jugglers. Enormous prices are paid to these peo-  
ple, but an immense amount of innocent amuse-  
ment is gotten out of what they do. It is inter-  
esting to note the opinion the different palmists  
have of you. Within the past week I have been  
told that I had a violent temper, (and no woman  
was ever more easily duped or deluded in the  
world,) that I should never marry, and that I ever  
had to earn my living I had better paint pictures.  
In my early days I took drawing lessons until  
my drawing teacher said there was no use in my  
mother wasting her money; and, as for painting  
pictures, I can't even put a transfer picture on a  
vase correctly. If I am to start a new school and  
throw the paint-pot at the wall I might make a  
success, for I am pretty correct in my aim, but  
otherwise I scarcely think I should earn enough  
to buy the license for my dog. This same indi-  
gent female forgot me and read my hand at an-  
other party; there she told me that I was amia-  
ble, not easily roused, but when I was that I was  
very determined. (I can be persuaded to do any-  
thing if people go about it in the right way.) She  
also said that I would marry twice, and that if I  
ever needed to earn my own living I had better  
go on the stage, as I had great dramatic ability.  
Either she was wrong or the lines in my hand  
changed during the intervals that I saw her, but  
it was all very funny. She tells every man that  
he is selfish and conceited, and she announces  
that such trivial things as love affairs should not  
be considered, which is rather mean in her! She  
never gives anybody any children, and she al-  
ways tells you that your last days are going to  
be your best, and then you have the pleasure of  
thinking what a weary time it will be before they  
come! I fear that I am not a believer in palmis-  
try. Nobody can doubt that the hand tells a  
great deal about the person, but it isn't the lines,  
it is its shape and the way it is used. Fanny Dav-  
enport in "Cleopatra" used her hands most ex-  
pressively, and in one scene—the one where she  
listened to Marc Antony while he made love to  
his wife—her hands told the story of her emo-  
tions as well as did her face. You know that the  
long, slender fingers were achingly to choke him as  
he said each loving word. You know that they  
opened and pressed each other with delight as  
she heard him defend her. You know that as  
they were drawn up they meant war, fierce war,  
and as she clutched the side of the couch that it  
was to aid her in keeping quiet when her anger  
grew too great. At times she seemed to beckon  
him to come to her, although a curtain was be-  
tween them, and at others those beautiful, cruel  
white hands fell despairingly, and you knew how  
she suffered. There are hands, long, slender, ner-  
vous ones, that nature meant to hold the brush  
or the pen; there are others a little shorter, but  
with very slender tips, that can touch the keys of  
a piano or do anything that requires quickness of  
motion. There is the fat, dimpled hand that is  
expressionless, though it may be affectionate,  
and there is the short, square one that bespeaks  
determination of will, a taint of coarseness, and  
a temper that will scold like a dull fire and  
break out and rage some day.

HOW TO TELL AN HONEST WOMAN.  
Trust a woman who sits with her thumbs up;  
she may be determined, but she is not a liar.  
The one who conceals her thumbs is apt to be  
deceitful and untruthful. Look at the thumb  
if you want to judge of people's intellectual  
strength, for the longer it is, proportionately,  
the stronger the brain. We forget the individuality  
of the thumb, we forget that in days gone by,  
when men did not write, they made their marks  
by imprinting their thumbs in soft sealing-wax;  
that was a man's sign manual. And just remem-  
ber, too, that Sir Isaac Newton said, "If any one  
ever doubted the existence of a God he has only  
to watch the action of the thumb of a man."

HANDS OF WELL-KNOWN ACTRESSES.  
Mrs. Kendal and Mrs. Langtry have hands very  
much alike, large, white, firm, well shaped, and  
betokening strong wills. Ada Rehan has an  
ugly, ill-formed, decidedly coarse-looking hand.  
Lillian Russell has a white, slender, small hand  
that affects you first as essentially the hand of a

—Why do I drink Tannhauser beer? Because  
it is the best in the market.

woman and afterward as the hand of a musician.  
Mrs. Brown-Potter has slender nervous hands  
that seem to be certain of everything, but never  
succeed in anything.

If you want to see a collection of curious  
hands, interesting hands, you should see those  
belonging to the members of the Woman's Press  
Club—hands made to hold pens, hands that have  
taught themselves to hold pens, hands that have  
gathered over with mentality, and hands that have  
gathered mental strength wherever they went. You  
need only sit and look at them to get at the brain  
histories of the women, and I can assure you  
some of them are very interesting.

HANDS WHICH MAKE THE WORLD HAPPY.  
But, after all, the hands that interest us most  
are the hands that we love.

That is a good hand which is put out to help  
some one who has fallen by the wayside.  
That is a good hand which knows how to make  
pain easier and headaches vanish.

That is a good hand which knows how to give  
heartily and freely.  
That is a good hand which is put out to help  
me as we walk along in life when we feel  
that we need somebody to protect us.

That is a good hand which never wrote any-  
thing of which it was ashamed and which never  
put its name to fraud or dishonesty.

That is a good hand which helps along the sick  
and the weak, the helpless and the poor.  
That is a good hand which does its work well;  
whatever it may be, wherever it may be, it doth  
not grow weary, and it does its work so that it is  
worth its wage.

That is a good hand which, after having goss-  
iped and babbled, suddenly discovers that it is  
time to say good-bye and sign its chatter by the  
name of the writer thereof. BAB.

## MEMENTO OF THE WAR.

Historic Came from Vicksburg Presented to  
Gen. Amos Webster, of Grant's Staff.

One of the handsomest and most interesting  
souvenirs of the late war is owned by Gen. Amos  
Webster, formerly of the Army, who was, as is  
well known, one of Gen. Grant's trusted and  
gallant staff officers. It has been carefully  
treasured by him, and only occasionally has  
seen the light, so that comparatively few know  
of its existence. A few days ago, at a reunion  
of some Army friends, it was brought out and  
carefully examined by those present, who were  
enthusiastic in their admiration of it, and from  
whom this description was obtained.

This memento is no other than a cane made  
from wood cut from the tree under which Gen.  
Pemberton surrendered to Gen. Grant at Vicks-  
burg. It is mounted with a solid gold head, on  
which is engraved with wonderful delicacy and  
maintains a picture of the final charge and as-  
sault on the Confederate works by the brigade  
of Maj. Gen. Maltby, which resulted in the sur-  
render of the city. The following inscription is  
engraved upon the metal: "Wood procured and  
presented by Brig. Gen. T. A. Maltby, U. S. V.,  
to Brevet Maj. Amos Webster, U. S. Army, 1867,  
of the staff of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, from the  
tree under which the conference between Maj.  
Gen. U. S. Grant, commanding the United States  
forces, and Lieut. Gen. Pemberton, command-  
ing the Confederate States forces, was held  
July 3, 1863, which resulted in the surrender of  
Vicksburg July 4, 1863."

The cane is probably one of the finest and  
most valuable ever designed. The wood is oak,  
highly polished, and the engraving on the gold,  
representing the charge of Maltby's Brigade,  
with the gallant commander in the advance, is  
really a work of art. Of course money does  
not express its value, (though its cost was about  
one hundred dollars,) but it is cherished for its  
historical associations, so much so that it has  
been carefully guarded in a vault of one of the  
safe deposit companies, for, if lost, it could not  
be replaced. It would be difficult to imagine a  
more beautiful and appropriate trophy of a  
great victory. The modesty of Gen. Webster  
in avoiding publicity about it or the possession  
of it is an instance of his quiet disposition, but  
with the increasing interest in relics of this  
kind, and the pressure of his friends who have  
seen it, it is probable that it may be put on view  
in some secure place.

Unguents for the Skin.  
Modes in Coiffure.

The extravagant and superstitious use of un-  
guents for the skin is as old as civilization it-  
self. The patrician ladies of Rome put half-  
pound thick poultices of asses' milk and bread  
and rice and bean flour on their faces at night  
to improve their complexions, painted and  
white-leaded their cheeks, and when they went  
out for an afternoon ride in warm weather held  
a ball of amber in one hand and wound small  
and harmless, but living, snakes around their  
wrists to keep them cool, knowing that if the  
wrists were cold the temperature of the entire  
body would be reduced. Similarly, the  
eighteenth century ladies carried a lemon in the  
left hand, setting their teeth in it from time to  
time, so as to redden their lips.

—Allen's medicated soap cures all skin dis-  
eases.

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